UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Editorial.

ONE of our exchanges, the *Standard*, thinks a better example for the preachers to follow in their summer-outing, than that offered by Henry Ward Beecher, who said he often went into the pulpit "without an idea in his head," is that of his father, who, being asked once how long it took him to write a sermon, replied, "Forty years."

ONE of the Fargo press publishes a discourse on "The Childlike Heart" by Rev. William Ballou. The charm of childhood, says Mr. Ballou, is its unconscious trust in its surroundings, the pure and uninitiated relation it sustains to the universe; and something of this remains in the natures of those grown to manhood and womanhood whom we most revere and who have greatest power to help us. We learn from them the same lessons of simplicity and single-heartedness the little child often teaches us.

THE *Universalist* expresses the views of the most thoughtful portion of the community in its commendation of the recent letter of William Lloyd Garrison to President Eliot on the branding exercises and other brutal sports of the "Dickey" society. The letter, says the *Universalist*, recalls the spirit and style of Garrison of fifty years ago. The same directness, fearlessness and set purpose, reappear in the son which made the father the apostle of a new era. The evils that still shelter themselves under college traditions and privileges can never be eradicated by the hush policy which the officials generally adopt. That they are brutal and senseless, and a shame equally to education and civilization, is beyond debate.

WE are glad to see the *Independent* urging public attention anew to the question of the taxation of church property. As an illustration of the ethical unsoundness of some of the methods governing those anxious to promote the cause of religion, we may take the example of the New York Episcopal society which proposes to build a great cathedral. Work has not yet begun, but to avoid the payment of taxes the society is holding services on the new site, though the old place of worship is still reserved for use, and is the place where the majority of the members gather for their Sunday devotions. Is there not a serious loss of self-respect involved in practices of this kind?

THE rabbi of a fashionable synagogue in St. Louis has been advocating from his pulpit the change from Saturday to Sunday as a day of public worship among the Jews. The *Independent* commends this position on the rabbi's part, and pronounces it "a step towards Christianity, in that it assumes that the letter of the law is not important as compared with its spirit." We can not but wonder if our contemporary would be willing to extend this principle still farther, to some of the teachings of the liberal pulpit on to, let us say, the practical question of the Sunday opening of the World's Fair. Here, too, texts of Scripture could be selected which in both letter and spirit would seem to commend the more radical views on this subject, yet we fear they would not be regarded as "steps towards Christianity," by the *Independent*, which elsewhere speaks of the late Dr. Kuenen as "the most eminent of the destructive school of Biblical critics."

THE recently deceased Duke of Devonshire is receiving high encomiums from the press, especially in his character of English landlord, where praise of an Englishman is thought to be so rarely deserved. It is said he was greatly loved by all of his tenants, including the Irish, and held in high regard by the members of the Land League. He was the administrator of large charities, and took a deep personal interest in the welfare of those dependent on him. Such an example of princely nobility made still more royal by noble character, shines out like a star through the clouds of social distrust and prejudice hanging over modern Europe.

OUR heroes often suffer sad downfalls in our regard. A distinguished and melancholy example is found in the dearly loved, but eccentric laureate poet of England. An anecdote is going the rounds of the press which to some minds may seem very witty, but which to us reflects both vulgarity and bad temper on the one of whom it is related. A woman, admiring some of the poet's verses, but not understanding certain lines, wrote and courteously requested an explanation, and received a reply in which she was bluntly told that the writer supplied poetry to the English people, not brains. We hesitate to believe the writer of "In Memoriam" could be guilty of such unpardonable rudeness, but it must be admitted that the anecdote is very characteristic, and confirms an old impression. Nothing seems to offend Tennyson so much as the fact that the readers of his books take some interest in his personality. Another printed item reports that his "hatred of the common people" seems to grow on him. He has built a high wall round his home at Haselmere so that the curious passer-by may gain no glimpse of him as he strolls through his garden "with his long pipe and slouch hat." How much the long pipe may have to do with these bearish manners would be hard to say, but we confess our own ideal is greatly marred by it.

IN "behalf of the Messiah Home" in New York City, Robert Collyer has permitted "Three Bits of Rhyme" to be put into a little book, the proceeds of the sale of which go to help this worthy Home for little children supported by his church. Some four hundred copies are still left, and they may be obtained at the rate of twenty-five cents apiece upon application to Miss Helena Flint, 109 East Thirty-ninth street. The "Three Bits of Rhyme" are entitled "Saxon Grit," "Under the Snow," and "The Legend of the Two Kings." Some few of Robert Collyer's old friends who have caught glimpses before of these poems, in one way or another, and many new ones, will be glad to find here the ballad writer that was spoiled in making a splendid preacher. If the world could have afforded to do without his anvil ring in the pulpit, it would certainly have had some of the melodious clang of his anvil in the realms of literature. But we shall be reconciled to the loss because we have profited by the achievements of the greater poet. Let him who can not make music in the pulpit do the next best thing, and pother with types and printer's ink, but still the voice of the Lord is most unquestionably recognized in the voice of the living prophet. What a swing is there in these following lines from "Saxon Grit." If the reader would have more of them, he must send for the little book named above:

"Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Slow to contention, and slower to quit,
Now and then failing, but never once quailing,
Let us thank God for the Saxon Grit."

No more noteworthy contribution to good literature has lately appeared than Mr. George Saintsbury's translation of a volume of literary criticisms from the French writer, Edmond Scherer, whose entire work in this line, in the original, numbers nine volumes. M. Scherer is a critic who stands by the side of Saint-Beuve, and is said to have as wide and just an understanding of English literature as of French. We have been particularly interested in some extracts gathered from the essay on Milton which for the discriminating tone in which both praise and criticism are spoken, indicate it to be of high value. Perhaps no Frenchman could adequately understand the great Puritan poet, yet M. Scherer bestows some generous praise on his subject. The two leading motives of Milton's work were the Renaissance and Puritanism, he tells us, and thus the art spirit was always associated with the polemical; and the writer of "Paradise Lost" was at once "an elegant poet, and a passionate controversialist, an accomplished humanist and a narrow sectary.....a lover of Pagan antiquity and devoted to the Hebrew spirit." This makes him to M. Scherer's mind, "a problem in history, an enigma in literature."

Garnishing the Sepulchre.

"Ye build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous." It is inspiring, and at the same time, humiliating to see how complacently one generation smiles at the defects of the preceding one and forgets the wrongs to the living in their respect and reverence for the dead.

On Thanksgiving day the little cemetery at Florence witnessed a notable gathering of Americans, assembled to unveil the marble monument over the grave of Theodore Parker. The grave itself was buried in white chrysanthemums. Roses decorated the tomb of Elizabeth Barrett Browning near by, while fresh laurel lay upon the slabs that cover the ashes of Walter Savage Landor. Hon. Chas. K. Tuckerman, ex-minister to Greece, delivered the brief but fitting oration. Another Boston statesman read a poem from the pen of W. W. Story, the sculptor, who, as a labor of love had shaped the marble slab which contains upon its face a half-relief bust of the great preacher, under which is found the following inscription:

Theodore Parker
The Great American Preacher,
Born at Lexington, Massachusetts,
United States of America,
August 24, 1810.
Died at Florence, Italy,
May 10, 1860.

He name is engraved in marble,
His virtues in the hearts of those he
Helped to free from slavery
And superstition.

The monument is the result of money raised by a few of the friends and admirers of Theodore Parker, led by Theodore Stanton of Paris. Among the subscribers are the names of Renan, Miss Cobden, the daughter of the great English commoner, Bjornson, the great Scandinavian novelist, Prof. Newman, the brother of the Cardinal, James Martineau, Frances Power Cobbe, and other representatives of the thought and philanthropy that belong to the race. After the oration and the reading of the poem, a granddaughter of William Ellery Channing, Miss Ellery Channing, unveiled the sightly marble. While this has been going on across the waters, the friends in Boston have been waiting the completion of a fitting statue of Theodore Parker to be placed in some conspicuous place in that city. The statue is now completed and only awaits the erection and public unveiling.

The last week's *Christian Register* contains an interesting account of this Boston monument which has been designed by Mr. Robert Kraus and

consists of a heroic bronze statue, seven feet high in sitting posture, mounted on a pedestal that is embellished with heads of Wycliff, Luther and Savonarola. On the faces of the base, symbolic reliefs in bronze represent the genius of "Awakening," "Truth unmasking Error" and the "Spirit of Liberty" welcoming to her arms the African child.

And still a third memorial is to be expected in a few days in the shape of a new volume of hitherto unpublished writings from the pen of Theodore Parker. All of this is heartily and sincerely rejoiced in by the fellowship, who, thirty years ago, saw the sick man departing from the shores of America, with personal regret but with a religious relief. The Unitarian "leaders in thought," as they have been so proud to claim, are thus meekly, and may we hope with becoming humility, atoning for the hardness of the past, the hastiness of their theological condemnation, and honoring him who, in his life, so honored them and their cause. Theodore Parker was accused of being vehement, extremely intolerant. All these he probably was, but so also was Jesus accused of the same, and so probably was he; at least, if the record is to be trusted, there was in his ministry a place for the whip of small cords and for the terrible "woes." Luther and Knox, and even the gentle Wesley, had a place for denunciations, rebukes and threatenings. And however uncomfortable in its application, and however unjust in details, this manifestation of spirit may have been, it does not require either great insight or philosophic profundity to see that these men owe their place to-day in the hearts of humanity to the fact that their zeal was stalwart enough to hurt, brave enough to stand for unfashionable, unwelcome, and for the time being, apparently unprofitable and uninspiring phases of thought.

We hail this hearty though tardy recognition of the great heart of Theodore Parker. And while we join with his admirers and lovers everywhere in rejoicing in these tributes to his worth, we would try to take to heart the lesson and see if it is not possible for us, not only to avoid the mistakes of Theodore Parker, whatever they may have been, but to avoid the greater mistakes of those who cast him out of their confidences, refused him their fellowship, and read him out in the polite way which it is given the conservatism of the nineteenth century to do such things—exiled him from their fold.

Florence will be still more the shrine of the lover of freedom, and of love for this artistic recognition of our American prophet there entombed. Boston will be a more attractive Mecca to all those who are lovers of the best things in American life, because the bronze will testify to Boston's love for her great preacher. But more interesting than either of these monuments "for the time" is the new volume offered of his works. We are among those who still hope that Theodore Parker has a day yet to come; that he is yet to be read with profit and with admiration by a larger multitude than have ever heretofore found inspiration in his printed page. We have hoped that there is still left in his sentences the manliness and virility that will prove them *timely* works to those who are yet in the toils of the letter and the cautious anxieties generated by the tyranny of theological schemes. This fresh volume will test this point. It may be that thought has rushed on with such *momentum* since the days of Parker, that even his heroic and aggressive words have become obsolete even before they have been fully recognized. If this is so, none the less does the man remain a prophet of the universal faith of the religion of science and the science of religion, in which to-day a multitude rejoice beyond the limits of the Unitarian household, a greater multitude outside than within the pale of that family which is proud to recognize Parker as its own.

Our tribute to this brave, plain, stalwart Puritan, the direct descendant on spirit lines of Oliver Cromwell, Cotton Mather and Roger Williams we will close with the lines of the poet-sculptor, W. W. Story, the man to whom it has been given to honor his friend, associate and teacher in marble and in verse. The delicacy and the strength of the lines in the former were matched by the grace and beauty in the latter, read at the unveiling:

I.

His was a life inspired by noble thought
And dauntless courage. Firm with purpose high,
For Freedom, Justice, Truth, Humanity,
Throughout his life he strenuously fought.

He practised what with fervid power he taught.
And love, believe, act, fear not, was his cry,—
God to the brave is just, is ever nigh,
And heaven must by the high, strait way be sought.

Conquered by fell disease, life's battle done,
With all its pains, strife, cares, death's victory won,
All that was mortal here is lain to rest;
But his undying thoughts, words, acts, live on
To lift the fallen, cheer and aid the oppressed,
And to his memory here we place this stone.

II.

We can, alas! but throw a worthless wreath
Upon his grave, and heave a useless sigh;
But still, though gone, his spirit hovers nigh
To strengthen us in hope and thought and faith.

All that he said, was, did, is ours, till Death
Unfold the hoped for Future, and lift high
The veil that shrouds man's life in mystery,
And all this world has vanished like a breath.

Let us have faith that, though no longer here,
He still is going on beyond this life,
Beyond its ignorant struggles, doubts, and strife,
In some far region, in some higher sphere,
With loftier duties and with loftier life,
Where all that here is dark at last is clear.

Can, Will and Must.

CAN, WILL, MUST.—Three little words, but Fate writes all her formulas with them. *I can*, is the raw material of life; *I will*, rough-hews this raw material; and *I must*, rounds it into career, consolidates it into character. Or, call them the three life-forces which correlate with one another, the *can* transforming itself at first into will, and then, through will, to *must*.

The *can* is small at best. "Can't" is in everybody's dictionary. For the ablest, impossible to possible careers stand a hundred to one. And this limitation of power relieves from corresponding ranges of responsibility. Nevertheless, the *can* is a very real amount in all of us. No one but can. Its elements are power of body—health; power of mind,—sanity and faculty; that power mixed of body and mind, which we call temperament; and, besides all these, whatever favors circumstance may show us. These elements, our raw material, are hardly ours by earning; they come, like birth and wedding gifts, from goodness not our own. But they are very *ours:* nobody but can. Some one career, at least, is open to the worst endowed, and probably several careers are open, all the powers within us combining well for fair success in them. Nobody but can. Hence the cowardice of suicide, and the cowardice of that spiritual suicide which does not dare the bullet or the bridge, but which almost as truly gives up life in giving up endeavor. Even when doing can be no more than bearing, what a hero's *can* is left to us in that!

The *will* rough-hews this raw material of life. Philosophy may doubt the will, and logic argue it away. but all the while and all the same, nothing is more certain to our consciousness than the fact that we are more than clocks that go,—more by this, that we in some degree do *choose* our going. The will is real. Yet its avail is only to rough-hew the ends of life. Few become that which they first intend, still fewer reach their goal by the intended road. Even the "self-made" men are failures first and often, and great succeeders they who have the power to greatly fail and yet go on. Blessed is the young man's confidence that he can do that which he will, and be the thing he thinks: and pitiful the youth without enthusiasm. By those signs he is to conquer. Better think too much than think too little of oneself, for the world is full of medicine for self-conceit. Better be a crank than a gone-out fire, at twenty-five. But the years, the years! They tell us each in turn that *can* is little, and the strongest *I will* weak. In telling that, however, they tell us too, in whispered thunder, that one's *I will*, though weak, is all-important, and that the will and not the *can*, is in the deepest sense the man. The will is *you*. And so, to each and all, life's lesson reads, "Get your *I will* early, and train it endlessly! The special *I will*, of the thing we are to do in life, get that, and even more, the general *I will*, which makes us that we are to be in life,—that larger will of manly courage and prompt energy and lasting purpose in everything we undertake. The question that determines mainly our career, and almost wholly our quantity and quality of being is, how much do we *try*. There was a regiment in the English army called the "Die-Hards:" the "*Try*-Hards" are the heroes in life's battles. Not they who do things easily, but they who do things with difficulty; and in the end these are the regiments who accomplish most. Jesus' parable tells about ten talents, five, and one, but men differ even more in their amounts of will than their amount of *can*, and one's individual success or failure is established more by his own amount of will, than his amount of can. The practical and great consideration is not, how much can I do, but how much will I do of what I can?

Then gradually the further transformation follows: *I can* has become *I will*, and now *I will* becomes *I must*. "Must" is the third correlated force. "Must" rounds and finishes and fixes fast what the will rough-hews. I speak not now of outward musts, but inward, those which we grow within ourselves, and which are conglomerate of can and will. There is the great unconscious must of Habit,—our self-generated fate. "Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny," says some one. There is the lesser, half-conscious must of Reputation. We establish expectations of ourselves in others' minds and feel obliged to live up to them. Such expectations become a part of our working force, a blessed, helping power, and many a time have we been traced by them to be our better selves. And then there is the conscious must of Duty, by which the original *I can*, passing through *I will*, becomes the grand *I ought*. That is the compulsion which lifts us, past our better, to our best,—lifts and holds us there, and still wakes dawns of an untried better in the skies above our heads. And now a marvel happens, which convinces that the moral, the most *will-like* elements within us are still subject to a natural law. This must of Duty, at first so conscious, at first hardly obeyed with straining, becomes, by processes of obedience as unconscious as the mechanic skill in any working fingers; the ideals made our reals, become in us organized instincts for the right; the endeavoring virtue becomes compacted character, automatic and self-acting. And are we thereby "clocks," at last and after all? We might be, if it were possible to halt for good at any place or moment of attainment. But above us break those dawns of untried ideals, yet to be made real,—and even that instructive automatic virtue we seem to have gained, becomes again the field of very conscious, very painful trying, if ever by sin we violate its sanctity.

And so it's true, with Browning, that

"Life is just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on, educe a man."

And this is true, too, from Arthur Clough,—

"Ah, the key of our life, that passes all wards, opens locks,
Is not *I will*, but *I must:* I must, I must,—and I do it!"

And this is true: "The height of blessing comes when we take some hard *I must* of Duty, against which task and wish we rebel, and, turning it heartily into an *I will*, then find it a perfectly possible *I can*. Wherever this is done, in that place miracles begin,—as in the garden and the dark where once One said his, 'Not my will, but thine be done!'"

W. C. G.

Men and Things.

THE retail liquor dealers in the United States paying the internal revenue tax as such, increased from 189,002 in 1890, to 230,408 in 1891.

THE new Harvard Catalogue shows her whole number of students to be 2,658, and that she has 124 professors and instructors in the faculty of arts and sciences.

THE Chicago pension office has on its rolls the oldest pensioner in the United States. He is 103 years of age and was a sailor of the navy in the war of 1812.

"AMONG signs of progress in the negro race," says the *Congregationalist*, "we are glad to note the announcement that the Rev. William V. Tunnel, a colored professor in Howard University, recently occupied the pulpit of the fashionable St. John's Church in Washington."

MRS. BELLEMY STORER, wife of the Congressman is an accomplished artist in the pottery line, being the founder of the Rookwood Pottery Company of Cincinnati, whose work is attracting deserved attention. Some specimens received the second prize at the Paris exhibition. Mrs. Storer, in talking of the enterprise to a reporter, spoke highly of the work of women, commending them in many ways above men.

THE Episcopal Church Congress, held recently in Washington, is said to have been very successful. The three main topics of discussion on theistic evolution, the bearings of Socialism, and the influence of Catholic and Protestant thought in the life of the Church. Two speeches attracted special attention—that of Father Huntington on the growth and work of the Catholic principle, and that of Dr. Arthur Brooks, on the Catholicity of the preaching of Christ.

WE learn from *Book News* some interesting items respecting the new contribution to Dante literature, "Dante's Eleven Letters." The essay accompanying these letters, written by Mr. Charles Sterrett Latham won the Dante prize at Harvard in 1889. Mr. Latham was stricken by paralysis when a junior, yet completed his course, afterward continuing his studies in the line marked out by his first successful effort at composition. Charles Eliot Norton supplies a preface to the published work, giving a short account of the writer.

MR. WALTER BESANT in appearance is between fifty and sixty years of age. His hair and beard are turning white, but his figure is vigorous and his voice and manners are those of a younger man. He lives at Hampstead, not far from the famous Hampstead heath. Back of the house into which the study opens is a garden. Perhaps no literary man in England is as well acquainted not only with the London of to-day, but with London as it was in past centuries. Mr. Besant's library contains many valuable and ancient books on London and its history. His appearance and manner is said to strongly resemble James Russell Lowell's.

Contributed and Selected.

Unconscious Prayer.

"Before they call I will answer."

I.

I was so wrought and vext that day,
I turned me from my friend away,
No heart for hope, no faith for prayer.
In life's ambition and affray
I felt no longer love nor care,
And in its happy peace no share.

I sought some far sequestered spot,
Apart from common ways remote,
Where work and wear might never reach,
Where no eye might my weakness note,
Nor ear hear my complaining speech.
Nor custom its exactions teach.

And there I poured my sorrow forth,
Gave my complaints abundant birth,
In mad mood my experience chid.
Life had no meaning, joy, nor worth,
All face and sign of God were hid,
'Twere well of such life to be rid.

II.

The world afar, the heavens anear,
A fragrant, healing atmosphere
Enfolded me most gently round.
I felt that rest from strife was here,
And lay abandoned on the ground,
Ruthless of space or scene or sound.

The birds above piped joyous psalm,
The air was quick with nature's balm,
O'er me the flickering sunlight played,
Till all unconsciously a calm
On my impetuous heart was laid,
And its impatient chafings stayed.

While so my God I blindly sought,
As one in ways of God untaught,
Nor asked his cheering face to see,
He in my heart His answer wrought;
As one who, caring, sought for me,
To soothe His child most tenderly.

He helped me understand the strife,
Alike with joy and peril rife,
In which he bids me bear my part.
My heart was lifted in my life,
And my life lifted in my heart.
I felt the folding shadows part.

Lifted my heart from gloom and sorrow,
Till I might worthier purpose borrow,
Hushing the murmur and the blame.
Then my soul asked another morrow,
New hope with resolution came,
And impulse from some higher aim.

III.

So I confess this power of prayer,
Though I forgot His nearness there,
But deemed Him in some realm apart,
And hugged the burden of my care,
With quickening joy and tender start;
God answered to me in my heart.

Day's light is His forgotten face,
Night's peace His unforgetting grace.
Come toil, come sorrow, joy or sin,
I seek no more in outward place
His word or countenance to win,
Whose love and healing wait within.

E. C. L. BROWNE.

The Purification of Politics.

It is a mistake to suppose that knavery can be kept out of political offices by the supremacy of any party, however lofty its principles, or the character of the majority of its followers, if there is not always a most vigilant watch kept over the public service. Political thieves and jobbers will always be found in the greatest number on the winning side. They have no party preferences, save for the one best serving their personal interest, and the "ins" are naturally the agents through whom they hope to plunder. The political affiliations of a customer do not have a feather's weight in the ordinary merchant's estimation of the credit to which he is entitled, even though the better portion of the community in his locality are known to belong to a particular party; but immediately a man is nominated for a public office, his political faith carries with it an immense moral inference, favorable or unfavorable, according to the voter's sympathy with, or rejection of his views. Not only thus do questionable characters slip into the confidence of better men, but it now seems to be commonly recognized by political conventions that without the help of the "bosses" and "machines" no hope can be entertained for any person's election. They must be conciliated, at least until after election day, with some sort of assurance they will not be forgotten in event of the party's success; and we are often bewildered during a canvass by the apparent affiliation of good men and rogues and by uncommittal platforms, that are mere traps for votes, baited with "glittering generalities." In over-zeal for any reform which we feel is of pressing importance, there is a great temptation "to do evil that good may come;" but the battle is not really won through the nominal victory of the cause, if those chosen to carry out the measure or policy have no unselfish interest in it. Furthermore, where concessions are once made to the lower element in a party, there is no point at which they can be stopped without the same consequences as would have followed their refusal in the beginning; and it is better the most commendable reform should lie in abeyance, until it can be carried through by pure force of moral sentiment, than that it should win through the bribed help of its enemies, — amongst whom are those who see in it only an opening for their personal advancement. Until success is subordinated to principle, and we are willing to wait for the former until it will be genuine, there can be little advance in the purification of politics. The statute books are full of dead-letter laws, and party records of broken platforms, for want of moral support. Of course it is often desirable that voters should subordinate minor issues to those of greater and more general importance, and not separate into small factions on lesser questions when their combined efforts are needed against some prominent evil, but it is inexcusable to seek to conciliate any one with promises of personal benefit in case of the party's ascendency.

E. F. H.

Theodore Parker.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND ABOLITIONIST DIVINE.

Theodore Parker belonged, like Francis W. Bird and myself, to a small class who co-operated with both sections of Abolitionists — the non-voting (or Garrisonian) and the voting (or Liberal party). He was not a disunionist or non-resistant, yet he found, as others did, the most vigorous sphere of agitation to be on the platform of those who had commonly both of these qualifications for unpopularity. I remember, perfectly, the occasion when it was first made apparent, even to himself, that Parker possessed the qualifications of a mob-orator. It was at a meeting held in Faneuil Hall to oppose the Mexican War; and it was almost his first appearance outside of the pulpit. Yet he held his audience completely, in his clear, cogent, massive way, until once venturing on the question to the great assembly:

"Is there a man here who would go to Mexico to fight for the extension of slavery?"

There was a dead hush, after which one man called from the farthest gallery:

"Yes, I would!"

"Well," responded Parker instantly, "Go, then!" and he dismissed the man with a wave of the finger into that infinite space, into which peal after peal of applause from the audience followed him.

Never, from that moment, was there a doubt of Parker's entire ability to cope with any audience, however turbulent; as some one said of him, he mobbed the mob.

Parker's influence on his great congregations at the Melodeon and the Music Hall was always an impressive spectacle; he was so calm with reserved power, so mighty in his conscious sympathy with all who heard. Lowell's sketch of him in the *Fables for Critics* was a masterpiece; but it seems to me, in looking back, that there was a shade of human tenderness beyond the wealth and the struggle; a quality which Lowell has not quite rendered. When, after heaping forests of intellectual laurel on the memory of Daniel Webster and then painting his moral downfall, Parker raised his hands and said: "Oh! Webster, Webster! Would to God I had died for thee!" not one of the thrilled audience felt it to be in any sense a trick of rhetoric; it was the wail of a strong Hebraic soul over an idol fallen.—*T. W. Higginson, in Brains.*

WOMAN has always been a weakling, but only by request. The masculine being has always demanded a woman he could govern. She must not impede him in his movements. She must be as light as a feather, as helpful as a pink or a lily, and just as far from being meddlesome. Even up to the time of Shakspeare the high-toned, average woman could lean well over a balcony and speak sweet words to some Romeo for a few moonlight evenings; Desdemona was attractive enough to be killed; while Ophelia was sweet enough to be lampooned by the average man, called Hamlet; but the free, great, useful woman had not yet come. She has been long delayed. As the grass finds difficulty in growing when the farmer has dumped upon it a cartload of rocks, so woman has been so buried under books and customs of politics, home, marriage, and religion that she has seldom caught any of the real light and rain from heaven. Is this a flower seed? Yes, but it will not blossom soon if it is planted under a long and wide board.—*David Swing.*

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

The New World and the New Book. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, $1.50.

The volume opens with an address delivered before the Nineteenth Century Club of New York, the subject of which is very appropriately taken for the title of the book, for its leading thought is reiterated upon many pages. The writer insists that the distinguishing feature of American literature is the recognition of the essential dignity and value of the individual; and that all men are created equal—that is, equally men, is not only the corner stone of our government, but likewise of our literature. The volume is a most appreciative tribute to the spirit and ideals of American thought. While the author would help us beyond the cringing period of colonial dependence in our literary judgment, and would develop an independent national literary standard, he also appreciates the benefits resulting from unamiable English criticism.

The chapter upon Mr. Bryce's American Commonwealth is an able recognition of its value as a treatise upon our governments and institutions, but a vigorous protest against its unnecessary apologies for our literature. With his habitual self-respect Mr. Higginson disclaims the need of any such apologies, even though our writers are not appreciated by Matthew Arnold or Mr. Gosse, and he insists that our real national foible in the realm of intellectual work is timidity and not conceit; with keen critical thrusts he also exposes the defects of English writers and shows that the average dime novel is more readily accepted as literature in England than in America.

Among American translators Mr. Higginson ranks Longfellow first, but for excellence of work would place Prof. G. H. Parker, of Harvard, and the late Charles F. Brooks before Bryant and Bayard Taylor. The relative value of higher education and business experience is pleasantly, though briefly, considered in the chapter upon Town and Gown.

This volume must prove stimulating and helpful, for it teaches that literature is to be valued, not for its prettiness, but for the thought and principle it expresses.

The Rice Mills of Port Mystery. By B. F. Heuston. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 50 cents.

The eighth number of *Unity Library* is well printed, like its predecessors, and even more tastefully bound, with a fine view of majestic Mount Tacoma adorning the cover. And the book itself is quite worthy of the mechanical execution. Its somewhat enigmatical title covers an extremely clever satire on our Chinese-wall tariff. "The Rice Mills of Port Mystery" grind that tariff slowly, but they grind it "exceeding small," so small that there is not much left when the surprising revelation of what the mills really were, bursts upon the reader. For it is a genuine surprise that awaits the reader—a surprise which we will not lessen by any description.

The author takes us into the Age of Free Trade, and clearly shows the folly of the present attempt to raise prices by tariff, while striving to lower them by every other possible way—by machinery, by economy, and by division of labor. We dam up the river at its mouth and then try to invent machines that shall pump out the rising waters which threaten to drown us.

There are occasional slips in the book, as where the author traces our race from Mt. Everest westward. We believe that is a view no longer accepted by the scholars of to-day. And the assertion that the errors of the past were no part of the Creator's plan, but due only to man's folly, is very antiquated theology. For man's folly seems to have formed a very large part of the Creator's plan.

But it is not by its antiquarian knowledge or its theology that the work is to be judged, but rather by its political economy. And we believe that that is wholly sound. We might, indeed, take exception to the writer's argument that the Chinese should be excluded. He has himself shown the fallacy of the old idea that a country is better, the less the number of its laborers. But his home is evidently in the Northwest, and his locality was too much for his logic and his humanity.

With this exception, however, the book is sound and ingenious and will be instructive as well as entertaining. A. W. G.

Periodicals.

THE January number of the *Arena* opens with a portrait of Walt Whitman, who is occupying a good deal of attention on the part of the press just now, when he is slowly approaching the end. A critical sketch of the poet is supplied by D. G. Watts; Ex-Gov. Lionel A. Sheldon writes on "Louisiana and the Levees;" Edward Burton on "The Universality of Law;" Charles Schroeder on "What is Buddhism?" Prof. A. N. Jannaris, of the University of Greece, contributes a paper on "Mohammedan Marriage and Life." The fiction of this number is supplied in the widely-heralded novel by Hamlin Garland, "Jason Edwards, an Average Man," dealing with the social and industrial conditions of the modern West.

THE *North American Review* contains a double contribution to the discussion of the rights and powers of the Speakership, by two Honorables, Roger Q. Mills, and Thomas B. Reed. A similar theme, "The Question of the Quorum," forms the subject of the following essay, by the late president of the Spanish Chamber; Andrew Lang talks on "French Novels and French Life;" M. Romero writes on "Wages in Mexico;" and Governor Hill, of New York, on "The Pardoning Power;" Lady Henry Somerset sums up her conclusions on the line of work in which she is engaged, in a paper entitled "The Darker Side." A symposium of distinguished writers try to answer the question: "Which is the Best Book of the Year?"

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will bring out a new novel by Celia P. Woolley, early in March, entitled "Roger Hunt."

MESSRS. D. C. HEATH & CO. have just issued a fourth edition of Prof. Hiram Corson's admirable "Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry," revised and enlarged. The new matter consists of a half-tone reproduction of an autograph photograph of the poet, taken not long before his death, a fac-simile of a personal letter to the author, and "A Death in the Desert" with its argument. The volume contains in all, five scholarly essays on Browning's Poetry, and thirty-four of his most characteristic poems with necessary notes and introductions; also a list of criticisms on Browning.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

The Lord's Prayer. James Freeman Clarke. Boston: American Unitarian Association. Cloth 18mo.

Celtic Fairy Tales. By Joseph Jacobs. New York: G. B. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 265.

Dante's Eleven Letters. Trans. by Charles Sterrett Latham. Ed. by George Rice Carpenter. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 284.

Church Door Pulpit.

Eighteen Hundred Ninety-one.

WHAT THE OLD YEAR HAS CONTRIBUTED TO THE NEW.

DELIVERED BY REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES, AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, JAN. 3RD, 1892.

How intricate were the threads, how simple the pattern, how much was felt, how little was recorded, how inadequate are the statistics of any life as a measure of that life. The figures of 1891, though in their accumulation they promptly pass into incomprehensibility, are no measure of the potency of 1891. There is a wealth of memories unregistered, and there is still a deeper tide of being unfathomed by the plummet of consciousness, and consequently unrecorded by any memory, that enter into the contributions of 1891. It is not the pieces that the fingers have learned to play upon the instrument which note the musician's progress in his art, but it is the deftness of finger, the aptness of nerve and muscle that have passed from the realm of conscious effort into that of unconscious skill acquired in the mastery of the particular composition.

So let it be remembered that in all I or any one else may specify concerning the accumulations of the year, there is only an attempt to catalogue some of the vessels, the rafts and the little boats that have been borne down the stream, while the stream itself that has carried upon its bosom this tonnage is the great incalculable and divine contribution of one year to the other.

Let us first think of our noble dead, those perennial lives who no more will disappoint us and will never again leave us, who abide evermore in the abundance of blessed memories, tender service and sacred living. In our own more immediate household of faith, the Unitarian year-book names seven faithful ministers mustered out of service; among whom are Frederick Frothingham, a man whose modesty and consequent shrinking retirement kept him from being great and famous, but whose truth-seeking instincts have placed the feet of many, as they did mine twenty years ago, upon the fundamentals; Dr. Thomas Hill, great as a mathematician, noble as a preacher, faithful alike as President of Harvard College or pastor of souls; Loammi Goodenow Ware, lover of art and its spiritual interpreter, who has left his impress on almost every institution in Burlington, Vermont, whose monument is in a city made nobler and cleaner by his long ministry; and Henry Doty Maxson, whom we of the West more grievously miss, a man who had at last through doubt won the trust of a devotee, and by search has come to the certitudes which science supplies as the unfailing postulates of a religion that is both rational and reverent, fearless and devout. So nearly did Oscar McCullough stand with us that, although his name was not upon our lists, yet his heart and hand were of us and with us, and so I must mention him with loving regrets, my friend and fellow-laborer, the pastor of Plymouth Church, Indianapolis. He was easily, to my mind, the most valuable citizen in the state of Indiana, although that state is to-day represented in the presidential chair, and but a few weeks before the death of Oscar McCullough was called upon to mourn its hero governor, the valiant General Hovey. Plymouth Church has for ten years been the "House of Life," not only to the hundreds, old and young who passed in and out of its rooms at all hours of every day, but to thousands removed beyond the ministrations of the building, who knowing of its work were made ashamed and took heart. Mr. McCullough could realize what we of All Souls church dream of and grope after, the necessary room and equipment to become a people's college, a training school in the humanities, a headquarters for the charities of the community which it serves.

But, passing beyond the realms of our own particular ministry, we come to remember that in the service of the state, we in this country have lost the last great general of our war, Sherman, who outlived every distrust, and lived long enough to persuade even his enemies that his severities, which sprung from principle, were the greatest kindnesses, Admiral Porter, the Sherman of our seas among the retired heroes, William Windom, the treasurer of the nation, a capitalist with a conscience, and a wealthy man with a public spirit which the prosperous may well study, Hannibal Hamlin, the veteran yokefellow of Abraham Lincoln, Dr. Howard Crosby, the Presbyterian, one of the few ministers whose services to the state and to the community were more conspicuous than those to his sect and his creed, and George Bancroft, the Nestor of American historians, who laid down his busy pen not until ninety years had counted his diligence. In art, Emma Abbott, the sweet-voiced, Lawrence Barrett, who was the more a scholar and a gentleman because an actor, and the genial Florence, were all permanent contributions to that stage which must always remain to loosen the tension of overstrained nerves and to lift the ideals of people forever manacled with their care, enslaved by their business and hardened and narrowed by their prosperity. In science, Alexander Winchell, whose "Sketches of Creation" twenty years ago was among the first of those many books that pointed to an evolution which author and reader at that time were scarcely ready to accept, was probably the leading scientist in his department in the West, and his death is keenly felt by the thousands of Ann Arbor's children scattered everywhere. General Joseph E. Johnston, the blameless leader in the lost cause, James Parton, the nervous man of letters, who might have had more fame as a writer if he had not been so much interested in thought topics which made him too great a radical to to be popular, and P. T. Barnum, the tireless advertiser, who had two great ambitions, namely, to run the "Biggest Show on Earth" and to drive the doctrine of an eternal hell off the face of the earth, must be thought of in this memorial roll; but the great name of the year, not only for the people of the United States, but for the English speaking race, and perhaps for all the globe, is that of James Russell Lowell, poet first, after that and on account of that, eminent as a scholar, patriot, gentleman. In the field of American letters there is but one name to write higher than that of James Russell Lowell. That name, of course, is Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Looking across the water, what names can we see at this distance in the death-roll of the year? Kinglake, the historian of the Crimea, and Charles Bradlaugh, the fearless heretic who lived to become almost a leader in that house which once refused him admittance because he could not take the Christian oath. He proved that in this closing decade of the nineteenth century religion can not be disrespectful to character, and that there is no piety that can long discount manliness. Germany has lost her Von Moltke, a Teutonic iron duke, and France its Meissonier, in his way, perhaps, the greatest of modern artists, who painted under the microscope those great cavalry pieces for which the wealthy men of America have been paying thirty and sixty thousand dollars each. Edward Bulwer Lytton is perhaps the brightest star in literature that has passed out of sight on the other side of the water. Among the noted deaths must be mentioned that of Madame Blavatsky, an [illegible] a fraud, a sibyl [illegible] which, the greatest woman of her time or the greatest humbug of the day. These are unsolved conundrums which the year 1891 has bequeathed to the year 1892. We can not close this list without mention of the three unfortunates of the year, the three great suicides, Balmaceda, Boulanger and Parnell. The last as much as the first shortened his life by deliberate choice. Now that "death has done all death can," let us recognize the "rights of a man," and let others blame, I can not. How in the intricate weavings of the threads of life, the brilliant strands become entangled and the symmetrical figure is marred. The love that is the wings of the soul is also the thrall that may fetter and interfere, but love, even in its confusion, has that in it that makes its victims fall upwards.

> "All that was, all that seemed to be,
> Razed out and ruined now forevermore
> Because a straw descended on this scale
> Rather than that, made death o'erbalance life."

So it seems for the time being, but still we can but follow the poet's insight further, and confidently say:

> "I thought and think their sins atoned;
> That what began best can't end worst,
> Nor what God blessed once prove accursed."

Yesterday morning I would have ended my list of the eminent departed here, but in my reading I have since stumbled upon the news of the death of Abraham Kuenen, which occurred at Leyden on the 10th of December. So far as I know, his death was unannounced by the telegraph and has been unnoticed by the secular press, and still, perhaps no man of his generation has done so much to liberalize Christian theology and to loosen the fetters of Christian dogmatism as did this quiet student who has done for biblical criticism what Lyell did for geology, what Darwin did for biology; he has shown the relation of part to part, established the sequence of events, made constructive that which before his time seemed to be destructive. Liberal views in religion, so far as the Christian world is concerned, are necessarily connected with rational views of the bible. Only in so far as you can break up the tyranny of the letter can you secure the freedom of the spirit. Not until men realize the fragmentary condition of bible treasures will they dare bring to the consideration of the problems involved the free reason and discriminating sense which always change the bigot into the student, which reduce dogma but increase judgment. The great service which Dr. Kuenen, in his "Religion of Israel" and other works, has rendered to this cause, Dr. Hirsch has stated in a recent number of UNITY, and I commend to your notice his admirable article.

What are the literary deposits of the year? In this survey I speak only of those works which have found their way to my own table. Of the making of books there is no end. One occupying a position where he may reflect upon the turbid stream of printer's ink that continually flows to the distraction and confusion of mind, when he notes how much precious time is wasted in reading things that are not worth reading, and realizes how much of life is wasted by young men and women, and by busy men and women in later years, in reading those things that do not nourish and enjoying those things that debilitate, is tempted to exclaim with the discontented and much tried Job: "O, that my adversary had written a book,"—that he might hate him the more cordially, I suppose. There has been much good book-making during the year, but there has been no great book in the realm of creative literature given us in 1891. Valuable books of facts, of observation, and of technical science have doubtless been published, but no great poem, and as it seems to me, no novel that is likely to outlive the first edition. No book of international fame seems to have been created. Whittier, Tennyson, Holmes and Walt Whitman have laid aside the lyre, and their bark will soon be "beyond the bar." That these will have worthy successors I have no doubt, but who these successors are to be doth not yet appear. The great story tellers, as well as the major poets, also await their successors. Who is to write the story that is to deserve a place on the shelf where rest the books of Victor Hugo, George Eliot, Thackeray, Hawthorne and Dickens? Echo answers, "Who?" Expectation waits on Howells, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward has promised a successor to "Robert Elsmere," but it did not arrive in 1891. In default of any great story or noble novel in the high sense of the word, we will not be ungrateful for the lesser gifts that come from those who are, perhaps, strengthening their wings by writing short stories for the entertainment and the inspiration of the reader. Octave Thanet, a western woman, certainly knows how to write a short story in a masterful way, and her "Otto, the Knight," with other trans-Mississippi stories, is a book not to pass by. "The Loaf of Peace" is the gospel in Arkansas dialect. "The First Mayor" is a most successful attempt at writing a chapter of what will always remain the unwritten history of the conquest of the Northwest. Annie Trumbull Slosson in her "Seven Dreamers" has given us seven stories of New England life almost as striking and more elastic and humane than those rare things which Mary E. Wilkins, the interpreter of rural New England, has given us. "Fishin' Jimmy" is the gospel done up in New Hampshire. F. Hopkinson Smith, in his "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," has given us a picture as pathetic as it is humorous of the dying old South, while one of our own city and faith, our Charles Roberts, has blended in an interesting way three interesting things—pioneer country life, Quaker thoughts and habits, and the underground railway service in his story of "Down the O-hi-o." One novel with more serious intent I have read during the year with much pleasure and profit, "Maitland of Laurieston" by Annie S. Swan. The author is a Scotch woman, the publishers the "Methodist Book Concern. It is a Scotch story, redolent with Scotch flora and rough with Scotch dialect. It is a story of a liberal religious awakening, an escape from Calvinism, Calvinism at its best. It is another "Robert Elsmere" with certain advantages over Robert. As in "Robert Elsmere," the woman who holds back as too pious to trust thought, is the least satisfactory, and, let us hope, the least truthful character in the book. I gladly commend this thought novel to the readers of thoughtful books, and trust that this book and the other writings of the author, if they are equal to it, may find wider reading on this side of the ocean. No one has sung a great song this year in the English language, or at least so it seems, but, in the meanwhile, James Whitcomb Riley has given us his rhymes of childhood beginning with "The Raggedy Man," which certainly will win a place among those minor poems that soothe. Helen Gray Cone has published a little book of verses entitled "The Ride to the Lady," which will not permit of hasty reading because it is too good poetry. There has come to us from Ibsen one more drama, "Hedda Gabler." It is like a visit

to a hospital clinic, painful, ghastly, but a couple of American girls put it on a London stage and it had a successful run. Last and most important in the way of poetic contributions of the year is the second volume of Emily Dickinson's poems. Now that she is gone, her friends give to the world what she so scrupulously guarded from it. The weird little poet of death was shy and sore, but tender and responsive. Closer study will discover in her the poet of suffering. She fully appreciated the gospel power of pain. Note this, her "Martyrs" song:

"Through the straight pass of suffering
The martyrs even trod,
Their feet upon temptation,
Their faces upon God.

"A stately, shriven company;
Convulsion playing round,
Harmless as streaks of meteor
Upon a planet's bound.

"Their faith the everlasting troth;
Their expectation fair;
The needle to the north degree
Wades so, through polar air."

Where the imagination fails to create noble characters, life continues to develop them. Of the many noble biographies of the year, two have come most near to me, and in them you will delight—an autobiography of James Freeman Clarke, edited by Edward Everett Hale, and Mrs. Sutherland Orr's two volumes of "Life and Letters of Robert Browning." Both of these works will prove as permanent as they are timely contributions to the library of the thoughtful. This year has given us the best handbook thus far prepared for the writings of Robert Browning, and that is by George Willis Cooke, a Unitarian minister. His previous books on Emerson and George Eliot are also recognized as among the best introductions to these authors. Carl Schurz, with much careful study, has tried to give us one more résumé of the life and career of one with whom the American youth can not become too familiar, and with whom the world has not yet become acquainted,—Abraham Lincoln.

At last the uninitiated may read Dante, for Charles Eliot Norton, the friend and literary companion of James Russell Lowell, has given in plain and limpid prose the story and ideas of the great Italian poet, and the reader can furnish the poetry himself.

I have said that Holmes has contributed nothing new, but in the serenity of his eighty years the genial Autocrat has seen through the press a final edition of his works, ten beautiful volumes, with which the would-be reader of good books must become acquainted if he or she would keep up with the times. No man has used fancy and imagination for the purpose of giving instruction in morals, ethics and science more effectually than Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The reading world reluctantly allows John Fiske to abdicate the chair of philosophy in the interest of history. It would seem as if other men might write the history of the United States, but no other man is now in sight who seems to be as competent to apply the principles of evolution to the upper departments of thought, the domain of politics, ethics and religion, as John Fiske. However, we must accept the inevitable; or rather, he would say that it takes the former to do the latter, and so we welcome as a real contribution to permanent literature his two volumes of American history which came to us this last year, beginning with the grievances of the colonies and ending with the surrender of Yorktown.

It remained for a Chicago lady and a Chicago publisher to give to us this last year the most available, simple, and at the same time, reasonably accurate, one-volume introduction to Hindu literature or the ancient books of India. In this work of Elizabeth A. Reed, the busy man can by a few evenings' reading learn enough to fill him with amazement and to fire him with the curiosity to know more. If he seeks more, he will not go far before he meets the last work of Mrs. Reed's teacher, Sir Monier Williams, "Brahmanism and Hinduism," a new and large edition of which has appeared this year.

Of the large number of ambitious books which seek to solve the rising questions in sociology and offer a settlement to the perplexities of capital and labor, employer and employe, the book written by a member of this congregation and published by another member may serve as a type. "The Coming Climax," by Lester C. Hubbard, published by Charles H. Kerr and Company, is a note of warning, sounded with unquestioned sincerity and with great earnestness. It is almost panic-stricken with anxiety concerning the future of our country and the impending danger. Mr. Hubbard sees lurking behind the mass of unscrupulous and unlimited wealth, a plutocracy, a government of wealth or of wealthy men that is drifting into tyranny, revolt, and bloodshed. Far be it from this pulpit to attempt to silence the alarm or to mitigate the circumstances. Unconsecrated dollars will blight whatever they touch, but there are other dangers, which to my mind, are still more fundamental and more pressing, the greed of fame, the blighting passion for ease, the timidity of the intellect, and the depravity of social customs. One of the books of the year is entitled, "Chicago's Dark Places," which points out some of these other dangers. The remedy sought after by Mr. Hubbard is some kind of state control and legal enactments, some practical application of Bellamy's dreams and Henry George's theories. He would avert the approaching calamity by rallying the friends of justice at the polls. Plutocracy is to be disarmed by a wiser social compact of life. But there remain the far more fundamental evils which nothing but the old gospel of individual responsibility, education and training, the development of conscience and the growth of self-respect will correct.

And so I turn from his overdrawn alarms and underdrawn remedies to the longer, more difficult, but, as it seems to me, more effective lines of education. I welcome the books that help us influence the young and arouse in them the right spirit. Of these I wish to note two. The first is the little book entitled "Starland," or "Talks with Young People about the Wonders of Heaven." It is the custom of the Royal Institution of Great Britain to give at Christmas time each year a course of lectures on scientific subjects adapted to young people, and this book consists of talks for children, by Professor Ball, Royal Astronomer of Ireland, published in this country this year by Ginn and Company of Boston. Let parents and teacher study it and find how easy it is, along the shining paths of knowledge, to awaken the love, the reverence that inevitably ripens into religion. The other book, published by the same house, is entitled "Ethics for Young People," and was written by the head of our divinity school at Cambridge, Professor C. C. Everett. It is a text book of the new ethics, a book simple and plain because written by a man who is both profound and learned. He knows enough to make it easy. Wisdom is justified in the house of her friends. This book suggests, perhaps, the seeming interregnum in literature, in the great stories and the great poems inspired by the old doctrines. The supernatural and transcendental theories of ethics are of the past. The great poems based on natural ethics, on science and evolution, have not yet ripened. We are in the early June days of the new faith. We see the tender foliage touching with pinkish down the hillsides. We look close and see a promise of buds. Here and there an apple tree is in full bloom. The orchard is tremulous and sick with the beauty and fullness about to be. Wait till October and see what luscious fruits will hang from these boughs.

This suggests the last, the ripest, and to my mind, the most important book of the year that I have to mention, Herbert Spencer's "Justice." However he may miss it in some of his conclusions, he is the ripest thinker on the problems of ethics now living, and this is one more link in that almost completed chain upon which he has worked for thirty years or more. James T. Bixby has written a work this year which I have not seen, in which, it is said, "he demolishes the fundamental postulate of Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics." The foundations of his system have been demolished frequently, and they will frequently suffer such destruction again, but all the same they will stand as necessary steps of study and thought for all those who are to travel beyond it. What Bacon and Newton, Copernicus and Aristotle were to their centuries, that Herbert Spencer is to the nineteenth century, and the sooner the representatives of religion and morals, the guardians of conduct and the friends of society find it out, the better it will be for all concerned.

But let us turn from the world of books and of thought to the world of life. The year 1891 broke upon us with troubles and anxieties on our western borders, disturbing revolutions in South America, baccarat scandals in England. As the year has advanced, the clouds of war have lifted from one section of the world after another until now, barring the passing misunderstandings with our neighbors in Chili, the temple of Janus, did it still stand in Rome, would welcome the New Year with closed doors, for there is peace throughout the world. Over against the baccarat scandal, there have been brought to us the details of that silent conquest and bloodless war led by the valiant Hugh Price Hughes against the wretchedness and the wickedness of London. The disgraces of our politics find some relief in the bright tints thrown on the picture by the founding of the Drexel Institute, where one man sets aside two million dollars and administers it with his own hands along the most approved lines of education. Over against the mutterings of the Briggs' trial and the McQueary expulsion comes the promise of a parliament of religions here in Chicago, which, if realized, will overshadow in significance the most glorious achievements in the World's Fair exhibit.

Looking at home for a moment in conclusion, what shall we say of the gains and losses of Chicago? Our dailies have already spread before you, at bewildering lengths, Chicago's unparalleled triumphs. I will not repeat their figures. What can I do with the fifty miles of frontage that have been built in Chicago the last year? The papers say that the total clearings of the banks in Chicago this year have been $4,456,885,230.49, and that the aggregate of the Board of Trade business, if I understand the figures, has been $104,083,529.67, or nearly ninety-one millions more than last year. But what do I know about all this, I who have never had a ten-dollar bill in my hands but it relieved a known personal pressure? to whom two hundred dollars in the bank is wealth, and to whom twenty-five thousand dollars, an unexpected and impossible sum, would release my life from the only care that harrows and furrows without compensation, for the rest of my natural life? Only this, that they mean nothing in the way of proof of any greatness to be proud of. They may argue the damnation as surely as the salvation of our city. Not what we eat, but what we assimilate, determines our strength. Aye, what we eat and do not assimilate promptly brings dyspepsia, congestion, paralysis, death. The law of self-preservation is said to be the first law of life. It is so only up to a certain point; beyond that point the law of self-preservation is that of inevitable death. All around us we see men preserving their families to their unhappiness, preserving their estates to their misery, preserving themselves to the point of absurdity. Why should you be so anxious to hang around in a world that you are of no service to? Why should they be so determined to take such good care of their families that they never will be worth much to themselves or to anybody else? I tell you, self-preservation is a poor law compared to the preservation of others, the service of the world, and the difference between the two is the difference between the monkey and Peter Cooper, between Jay Gould and Florence Nightingale. I am no alarmist in regard to the material triumphs and material accumulation of my friends, my city, my country or my globe. I do not fear a plutocracy. I fear selfishness. I fear stupidity. I fear disease. While Chicago continues to multiply its libraries, to foster its universities, to stand for the humanities, I say, "God bless its prosperity; the more the better."

Shame on the wealthy men of Chicago only when they put more zeal into the accumulation than into the administration of their wealth. Shame on the city of Chicago when it begins to boast of a Chicago University which the millions of a non-resident make possible. Chicago should have no pride until the two millions of Rockafeller have been buried out of sight by the ten millions which Chicago capitalists ought to put for the fertilizing of that plant, the most interesting and promising slip that has been given to the year 1891 to water in all the garden of the United States.

We have watched with interest Chicago men growing wealthy, and I, for one, have rejoiced in it, because, in the main, wealth represents brain, nerve, courage, faith. Up to certain limits it does, but now it is time we begin to watch with greater interest what Chicago men are going to do with their wealth. I have great faith in Chicago, not because it is by a geographical necessity destined to become the great commercial metropolis of the Mississippi valley, but because I believe that in this blending of races and mental forces there will be developed a religiousness that will keep pace with it, a rational piety to consecrate this wealth.

I take it as an omen of no little significance that, by all odds, the most beautiful building given to the city last year was a temple dedicated to temperance, built by the energy of consecrated womanhood. Fitting monument is this to our lamented John W. Root, the apostle of beauty, whose skilled hand dropped its pencil all too early. The next most imposing building in Chicago for the year is the temple that will carry upon its front the mystic emblems of a fraternity more ancient and more extensive than we can discover, the ancient order of Free Masons.

I may not venture upon the grief roll of Chicago. It is too tender, sacred and familiar ground. But this much I will venture to say, that the most potent force embodied in a hu-

man personality that went out of our municipal life this last year was one who represented neither the church, trade, politics nor wealth. It was not bishop, counselor or millionaire, but it was the simple, plain little woman we have known as Ellen Mitchell. Through the fever of the great fire, in the rush before and after it, she stood for the intellectual life of the community at a center where such an influence was needed and was potent. She "set the pace" for the Chicago women. She may not have organized the "Fortnightly" and the "Woman's Club," but she did set a high standard for those who entered. She made study, independent thinking and generous helping on thought and hand lines, fashionable in certain quarters, and that fashion has had immense influence upon the life of Chicago and I trust is destined to have still more.

It is not my custom on this Sunday to touch upon the life of our church. The year's contribution in this direction will come in for study at another time, but I can not forbear closing with this reflection, that whatever triumphs have been ours have been the intangible triumphs of thought and conscience. Whatever weaknesses are ours are internal, not external. A church, like the man and the city, may prosper to its degradation, may eat the opium of prosperity to its imbecility. Whatever the needs of this church may be, primarily we do not need more money or more people. We need to consecrate the money that is ours, to fortify the people that belong to it. The most anxious symptom of the Chicago life is the rapid way in which enthusiasm vanishes, and how trifling are the conditions that bring about a decadence of interest. I sometimes feel as if the ministers of modern churches were standing as hotel clerks, welcoming a stream of guests who come in when tired and hungry and who go out again when temporarily refreshed, leaving us never to see or feel their strength again. So we keep up our life by successive relays of workers. May the workers of 1891 prove that they can attend to business in 1892, at least, let them realize that they do not carry much away to their helping unless it brings them back again to help.

Oh, 1891, how full of misery thou wert! Let us not forget the ghostly lines of the hundred and twenty-three killed as the *Tribune* puts it, "by law;" the hundred and ninety-five victims of violence; the three thousand, three hundred and thirty-one who hastened themselves out of a world that had become intolerable. The death of one thousand, one hundred and nineteen of these is credited to despondency. Five thousand, nine hundred and six lost their lives at the hands of their fellowmen, murdered in defiance to law. These are the figures which the *Tribune* compiles from its own reports in the United States. Larger than those of any preceding year, all of them, and still we will not despair. We will remember that all this is incident to the exigencies of growth. They are the travails and the tortures of the march. Will they become chronic? Yes, the column of misery and pain is moving your way and mine. Yes, unless 1892 rises to its opportunity, unless you and I forget our selfish needs in the sublime service that seeks to drive misery out of the world and crown the miserable with the joy and peace that comes from the within when that is in accord with him who is on high.

THESE hoards of wealth you can unlock at will.—*Wordsworth.*

WE can not teach truth to another, we can only help him find it.—*Galileo.*

Notes from the Field.

Chicago, Ill.—All Souls Church held its annual meeting Thursday, January 14. A bountiful supper was served promptly at 6:30 P. M., tables graced with ferns, flowers and inviting viands being arranged in the home-like auditorium to accommodate about two hundred and fifty people. Notwithstanding the keen, though clear, winter weather, a goodly company of over two hundred assembled. At 7:30, with a few introductory words directing attention to the business of the evening, Mr. Jones turned the meeting over to the chairman of the Board of Trustees, Dr. G. F. Shears, the company remaining seated at the tables. The report of Doctor Shears showed that the church had secured during the year the vacant lot on the opposite corner of Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue, for the sum of $40,000, upon which to build, in the future, accommodations that shall meet the needs of the work already so overcrowding the present building. An estimate was presented for the expenses of the coming year, which it was urgently recommended should be raised, so far as possible, by subscription during the evening, and by means of a daintily printed card at each plate, pledges to a large amount were handed in before the exercises closed. The receipts for 1891 had been:

Current fund of the church	$5,907.93
Social Section	654.10
Charitable Section	88.16
Missionary Section	1,208.18
Educational Section	1,687.16
Total	$9,545.53

The opportunities and obligations to be placed before this society in the coming World's Fair, and its responsibility as representing one of the liberal churches in this progressive city, were earnestly set forth. Reports from the secretary and treasurer followed, and in a brief interval some business matters requiring a full vote of the society were attended to. Then came statements varying in length from two to five minutes, from the different departments of work represented by the church and Unity Club, numbering twenty in all, and closing with the Pastor's account of his own range of labor both within and without the church. Incoming officers were elected, when, although so full a programme had been realized, it was still early in the evening. As a fitting conclusion, the company listened with pleasure and profit to timely remarks from Rev. E. I. Galvin, Mr. M. W. Sackett, of Meadville, Pa., a non-resident member of the church who was present for the first time; Rev. J. R. Effinger, Prof. E. S. Bastin, and Mrs. Nancy F. Nickerson, the latter, to whom the church is largely indebted for its ability to secure the site of its future building, responding with some reluctance to the hearty call of the company. In closing, the pastor spoke in appreciation of the retiring chairman, Doctor Shears, who, he said, for the last three years had outdone him in courage and "in the divine audacity that demands much from the people." Mr. James P. Gardner, the new chairman, was called to the floor, and rounded up the meeting with a few hearty words of greeting, the straightforward earnestness of which gave good promise for the coming year.

—The 23rd Annual Meeting of the Third Unitarian Church of Chicago was held at their church, corner Laflin and Monroe Streets, on Monday evening, January 11th, the business session being prefaced, as usual, by a very enjoyable supper furnished by the ladies of the church. The annual reports of the pastor, the trustees, the secretary and treasurer, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, the president of the Young People's Club, the president of the Ladies' Aid Society, the King's Daughters, and the Publication Committee, were read and accepted, and were all full of cheer. The report of the secretary and treasurer was very gratifying, because, with no receipts from any other than the usual sources, there is a balance of $28.93 in the treasury, and all the bills for the year 1891 have been paid. Messrs J. M. Wanzer and Henry D. Hatch were unanimously elected to succeed themselves as trustees, and Mr. Wm. I. Marshall was unanimously reelected secretary and treasurer. A most cordial and hearty vote of thanks was, with one voice, tendered to Mr. J. F. Hughes, the very competent and accomplished organist of the church, "in recognition of his skill, ability, faithfulness and sincerity in his responsible duties, and of his genius and character as a man and a musician." Then with most enthusiastic unanimity and warm expressions of loving esteem for the man, and high appreciation of his work, it was voted to increase the salary of the minister, Rev. J. Vila Blake, $600 for the coming year, all regretting that we could not make the raise four times as great.

—Rev. Mary A. Safford of Sioux City will exchange with the pastor of All Souls, Jan. 24, occupying the pulpit morning and evening. Miss Safford will remain in the city about two weeks. She will be the guest of Mrs. Woolley, 196 44th St. Mr. Jones will be absent from the city until the 29th.

Salem, Oregon.—The First Unitarian Church, of Salem, Rev. H. H. Brown, pastor, was dedicated January 3. In the morning the Religious Home was dedicated to the "worship of God" with appropriate responsive readings, music, prayer by Rev. W. E. Copeland, and sermon by Rev. T. L. Eliot, of Portland. At 2:30 P. M. there were dedication services by the Sunday-school, admission of new members, consecration of children and addresses by ministers present. At 7:30 P. M. dedication exercises "To the Services of Man," were continued. The new church is of modern architecture and with parlor and gallery, will hold over 400. It is finished in Oregon fir, ash, oak and California red-wood. It is seated with upholstered opera chairs, and comfortably carpeted by the ladies of the church. Its windows are of stained glass. It is provided with a kitchen, and several other apartments, yet unfinished. The land was donated by three members at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars. The cost of the building is $7,000—with another $1,000—needed to complete it. There is a debt of $1,200—which it is hoped will be raised in '92. "We shall begin a parish library and make additions to our Sunday-school library at once and any donations to either will be received gladly," writes the pastor. Twenty-two members were added to the society on the day of dedication and three children were consecrated. This society, organized April 15, 1889, not yet three years old, deserves the congratulations of its friends far and near. The results achieved tell of an efficient minister and an enthusiastic people.

Sioux City, Iowa.—We have received the following from the Sioux City *Journal* of Dec. 25. "Last night a merry throng of children and their parents greeted Santa Claus and his wife at Unity Church, as they trundled in with thoir cart loads of presents and candy when the strains of the Christmas carol died away. The different classes each surrounded their own trees as old Santa delivered a highly poetical address to them before disbursing the gifts. Mr. Greenwood and the teachers were well remembered by their classes, and the members of the orchestra came in for appropriate remembrances. But the surprise of the evening came later, when at a moment's notice the platform in the rear of the room was almost covered with costly and beautiful gifts, the token of regard to the pastors, Miss Safford and Miss Gordon, from the parish. A large photograph of Hoffman's celebrated "Jesus in the Temple" was presented to Miss Safford, and to Miss Gordon a fine oak study chair and a beautiful study lamp. For the use of both in their home there was an elegant oak hall rack with French plate mirror, a chenille drape and a dainty eiderdown quilt. Our correspondent adds: "The Saturday following Christmas the ladies of the church gave a supper and presents to the sixty children in their industrial school. This school is located in the poor district of the city and has been doing good work for about a year. The outlook for the new year is bright and cheerful."

Boston.—Rev. Brooke Herford will sail for England, January 23, with two daughters. Mrs. Herford and two younger daughters will remain in Boston till summer.

—Rev. Philip Moxon has unexpectedly notified the First Baptist church of his resignation, to take effect in April.

—Several Boston people stood among the fifty Americans who attended the ceremony of unveiling the monument to Theodore Parker, in Florence. An ivy plant sent from Rev. J. F. Clarke's church will twine about the marble. The *Register* of January 7, gives engravings of the monument and of two of the six panel bronzes already placed in the pedestal of a monument to Mr. Parker about to be erected here. In fact that issue of the *Register* is largely devoted to Mr. Parker and his writings.

—A new Unitarian Club has just started in Norfolk County (suburb).

—Rev. Chas. G. Ames is slowly gaining strength after his late serious illness.

—Twelve hundred dollars have been raised here to aid the Hampton school.

—Rev. Lyman Abbott preached at King's Chapel last Sunday.

—A memorable meeting of the "Alliance" was held at Second Church. Members of other New England Alliances were guests. Rev. Messrs. Savage, Horton, and Mott, Mrs. Wells, Cheney, Fifield, Dix, Lane and other interested speakers took part in the exercises.

Davenport, Iowa.—The First Unitarian Church of Davenport, Iowa, Rev. A. M. Judy, pastor, has had its annual and always successful fair, lasting two evenings, supper served both nights, in the commodious and pleasant dining-rooms, the tables decked with flowers, and silver donated by a member of the church; a Japanese wedding took place on the second evening, as an extra attraction, and was witnessed by a crowded house. The Christmas festival for the Sunday-school, which numbers two hundred persons, including officers and teachers, took place on December 30. The entertainment consisted of a cantata, called the "Christmas Stocking" enacted by five of the pupils of the school, and a chorus of boys and girls; a large stage was erected on which was planted a grove of trees, in one corner stood a cottage from which issued the chorus singers, in the other was the tree containing the Christmas decorations; after the cantata, a veritable "Santa Claus" (accompanied by much ringing of bells, and whoa-ing to imaginary reindeer) came upon the stage with his pack and pockets full of presents for young and old; with the remark, "He had presents for the good children, and grip for the bad ones. Then followed class baskets filled with good things for the children, which the teachers took in charge, and distributed.

Western Unitarian Conference.—The Board of Directors met at headquarters, 175 Dearborn St., at 2 P. M., J. M. Wanzer in the chair. Reports of secretary and treasurer were read and accepted. The secretary reported a movement among the Unitarian churches of Chicago to raise $300.00 to assist the Liberal Holland congregation of this city, in the establishment of two missions—one on the South Side, and one on the West Side, in the Haymarket district. The treasurer reported fifty dollars of this sum already paid over to Mr. Van Wanroy, the hard-working minister of the Liberal Holland Society. The programme committee for conference of 1892 reported progress. In response to the announcement of the death of Rev. Henry Doty Maxson at Eau Claire, Wisconsin, on Sunday night, November 22, 1891, the secretary was instructed to enter upon the minutes an expression of the sincere sorrow with which the intelligence was received, and to communicate to Mrs. Maxson the sympathy of the directors in her sad bereavement, and assurance of the high regard and respect cherished by his associates on the Board, for the character and attainments of her lamented husband.

Pomona, Cal.—We have received a copy of the Christmas Service of the First Unitarian Church of Pamona, Leslie W. Sprague, minister, and his wife, Lila Frost Sprague, assistant. Eleven new members were received into the church on that occasion. The society has a fine building lot paid for and looks for a new church in the near future. Mr. Sprague sends back a word of cordial greeting to UNITY and the Western Unitarian Conference. The fourth page of the "Christmas Service" gives the church calendar for January, and also a clear statement of the aim and purpose of the Society. It closes with these words: "This church emphasizes freedom, fellowship and character in religion, and seeks to promote truth, righteousness and love in the world, and it urges itself upon the consideration of all thoughtful and earnest people."

Englewood, Ill.—Rev. Florence Kollock, in her New Year's sermon, the outline of which is given in the *Universalist Messenger* of Jan. 16, says, "The way to peace of mind and heart is doing the duty nearest at hand, living up to one's standard—honesty, justice, kindness. About this heaven there is no speculation; it is here and now if we create is within us, and is possible to all. If we fully realize this, we might put less dependence on external things for our happiness." Miss Kollock's last regular discourse to her congregation before sailing for Europe was given on Sunday, January 17.

CROUPY SOUNDS

At night, from baby's crib, are distracting to parents who are at a loss for a medicine equal to the emergency. Not so with those who have **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** in the house. A dose of this medicine affords certain and speedy relief. To cure colds, coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, and the various disorders of the breathing apparatus, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal. It soothes the inflamed tissue, promotes expectoration, and induces repose. Cap. U. Carley, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for thirty years and have always found it the best remedy for croup, to which complaint my children were subject."

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The Home.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—I would rather be defeated than make capital out of my religion.

Mon.—For the noblest man that lives, there still remains a conflict.

Tues.—Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all.

Wed.—Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing.

Thurs.—If you are not too large for a place, you are too small for it.

Fri.—I would rather be beaten in Right, than succeed in Wrong.

Sat.—There is a fellowship among the virtues, by which one great, generous passion stimulates another.

—*Jas. A. Garfield.*

In an Apple Orchard.

Red, and russet, and yellow,
Lying here in a heap—
Pippins, rounded and mellow;
Greenings, for winter keep;
Seek-no-furthers, whose blushing
The soul of a saint would try,
Till his face showed the crimson flushing,
The cheek of a northern spy.

Hid from the winter weather,
Safe from the wind and sleet,
Here in a pile together,
Russet and pippin meet;
And in this dim and dusty
Old cellar they fondly hold
A breath, like the grapes made musty
By the summer's radiant gold.

* * * * * * *

Apples, scarlet and golden,
Apples, juicy and tart,
Bringing again the olden
Joy to the weary heart.
You send the swift thoughts sweeping,
Through wreckage of time and tears,
To that hidden chamber, keeping
The gladness of youth's bright years.

—*Thomas S. Collier, in Dumb Animals.*

The Boy that was Always Contented.

A Fable Suggested by a Swedish Tale.

[The quaint humor of this little story takes an added color when the reader learns that the author is a Swedish girl of twelve years. She has been in this country only four or five years, during which time she has gained her knowledge of our language. We print it just as she sends it.—ED.]

Once upon a time there lived in this country a man with his wife and their only child, who was a boy. This boy was very selfish and naughty, and always discontented; but his parents did not see his faults, because he was their only child. They thought that all that their darling did was right, and said that a more perfect and contented child was not in existence.

One fine day there was a wedding in the neighborhood of their house, and the parents were invited to the wedding feast; but, as they never went away for a call or to a party without their boy, they took him with them. During the wedding banquet the attendants brought round to all the guests immense trays laden with cakes and fruits and all kinds of sweetmeats, and each guest received his abundant share, and more than he could eat. The bridegroom, well remembering how fond he was of sweetmeats when he was a youngster himself, took particular pains to see to it that all the children got as much as they could eat, and, as all of you know the amount children can eat when they get sweetmeats and fruits, and such good things, you can imagine that the bridegroom had a hard task.

When the repast was nearly over, the bridegroom saw the boy that was always contented" standing beside the table, crying bitterly, and the bridegroom asked him over and over again the reason for his sorrow, but the boy only cried more bitterly. His parents came quickly to see what was the matter, but when their boy only wept more and more, the father and the mother began to cry, too.

Finally, the bridegroom asked the boy: "Are you hungry?" and the boy answered: "Alas! I can't eat any more."

"I think so; my boy is always content," sobbed the mother.

"Come here, then," said the bridegroom, "and I will fill all your pockets with nice, good things."

But the boy cried still worse, saying: "They are all filled."

"Did n't I think so? our little boy is always so content. It must be something else," sobbed the mother again.

The bridegroom said: "Go home and empty your pockets, and come back again, and we will give you more."

But the boy cried and said: "I have already been home three times."

"O, it is something else," said the mother. "It is so easy to make our little boy happy. I wish I only knew what it is he wants."

The bridegroom said: "Run home once more, and come back again." But the boy cried as if his heart would break, and said: "When I come back next time the others will have eaten everything."

"We will not eat anything more, but keep it all for you," said the bridegroom, and then the boy smiled and ran home.

But the mother, she said: "O, is it not beautiful to see how content our boy always is?" And the father said: "Yes, every one may know that a more contented and easily managed boy than ours was never seen."

ELSA M. ALZEN.

Cowardice.

The extent to which everything depends upon the point of view is illustrated by a little dialogue between a boy who is a mighty hunter for his age, and a lady of his acquaintance.

"A rabbit," said the young hunter, "is the most awful coward that there is in the world. My! How he does run from a hunter!"

"So you think the rabbit is a coward, eh?"

"Why, of course."

"Well, let us 'suppose' a little. Suppose you were about six or eight inches tall."

"Well?"

"And had good, strong, swift legs."

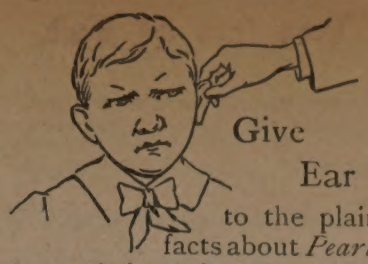
"Yes?"

"And did n't have any gun, and a great big fellow came after you who did have one. What would you do?"

"What should I do? I should streak it like a whitehead!"

"I think you would. And I think, also, that you would have your own ideas as to who was the coward."—*American Youth.*

A FAMOUS Brooklyn clergyman was once addressing a Sunday-school on the lesson of the day, which happened to be "Jacob's Ladder." He got along swimmingly until a little urchin in one of the back seats squeaked out: "Why did the angels have to have a ladder when they had wings?" After the inevitable laugh had subsided, the clergyman said: "Well, that is a fair question, who can answer it?" There was a pause, and then up went a pudgy fist. "Well, my little man," asked the clergyman, "why was it?" "I guess, mebbe they was a moultin'," was the reply, and the address was concluded right there.



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Beware of imitations. 237 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

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Last spring I offered $500 to any person producing a 3 lb. **Mammoth Prize Tomato**; T. R. Harris, Abbott, Neb., won it with one weighing 3 lbs. 3½ ozs., and I sent him my check for $500. It measured over 8½ in. in diameter. 37 tomatoes grew on one stem over 3 feet from the ground. Largest plant on record **18 ft. 6 in. tall.** This mammoth strain creates a sensation wherever it goes, and is the largest ever offered. Thousands of my customers have grown them to weigh over 45 ozs. The quality is excellent; after you once test it you will grow no others. If well cared for they will produce 1 bu. to a plant (see cut) of large, smooth, bright red tomatoes, very solid with only a few seeds in each, and entirely free from rot. If started early, fruit ripens from July 4th until frost. This year I offer **$500 Cash** to any person producing a 3½ lb. tomato. (It can be done.) Full directions how Mr. Harris grew his with each order. Plant some, you may win the prize. All my seed is saved from large specimens.

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Is the earliest in the world, easy grown, good size, excellent quality. Will be far ahead of your neighbors.

My Catalogue, is worth 50 cts. to any one who gets it. $500 offered largest order; $500 for a pansy blossom; $300 for a bean plant with 100 pods, and above tomato prize.

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Publisher's Notes.

We call the attention of readers to the partial list of our publications in the advertising columns of this week's UNITY. We are at work on a complete catalogue which will be issued before many days, and which we shall be glad to send free of charge to any address.

UNITY is approaching the beginning of another volume, which opens with the first issue for March. Any new subscriptions received before that time will be entered for the full year ending March 1, 1893, giving the subscriber a few extra numbers free of charge. We have a special offer to make in connection with our books, which will apply alike to renewals and new subscriptions. For two dollars cash with order we will send prepaid to any address any books included in our catalogue to the amount of two dollars at list prices, and will also send, without further charge, UNITY for one full year. This ought to bring us many new subscribers between now and the first of March.

We have another offer, even more favorable than the preceding one, on the book "The Evolution of Immortality," by Dr. C. T. Stockwell, advertised in last week's UNITY; this offer being made possible through the generosity of the author, who has contributed his royalty on the book to the extension of UNITY'S circulation. To any one sending two dollars for the renewal of his subscription and a new subscription for one year, we will send a copy of "The Evolution of Immortality" and will also send a copy to the new subscriber.

This offer with a modification will also apply to Mr. Powell's "Liberty and Life," Mr. Powell having also given the copyright of the book for the same purpose. To any one sending a renewal and a new subscription with two dollars, we will send a cloth copy and a paper copy of "Liberty and Life;" the books to go to one address or to separate addresses as preferred. A review of this book in the St. Louis *Republic* not long since, calls it "a very sound collection of discourses written in a perfectly practical fashion for the interest of practical people."

Another review in the St. Louis *Republic*, which we have been intending for some time to quote, is devoted to "John Auburntop, Novelist," a story by Anson Uriel Hancock, published by us at one dollar and twenty-five cents in cloth and fifty cents in paper, and of which we are able to supply a few slightly damaged copies to our subscribers at twenty-five cents postpaid.

The term "fresh water" has long been used by New England college men as a term of mild derision for universities west of their own territory. In the book before us, the author gives a faithful picture of the student's life in the '70s away out West in the University of Nebraska, and shows us the debating society and class-room in a truly interesting way. Instead of boat-racing, as at Oxford, and the cricket nines, etc., of the English universities, we have the students of this "fresh water" college finding their greatest enthusiasm in discussing literary questions. Some discussions of the modern novels evidence thoughtful study, and a striking review of Hugo's "Les Miserables" is introduced. Young men and young women meet on terms of equality in the Nebraska University, and we have a truthful picture of the Western college girl as she really appears, instead of as she is so often represented in humorous caricatures. Of course, there is a love story, and its ending is more natural than romantic. All who are interested in the opening of universities to women, and all who enjoy forecasting the development of the American novel, should read "John Auburntop, Novelist."

"Our Heredity from God," by E. P. Powell, which may justly be called the standard work on the proofs of evolution and its relations to religion, has reached its fourth edition. We have made arrangements with the author by which we are able to supply it on the same terms as our own publications, the retail price being one dollar and seventy-five cents.

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